

The Evening World.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 57
J. ANOUS SHAW, Pres. and Treas., JOSEPH P. LITZNER, Sec'y.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under No. 100,000.
Subscription Rates: For Foreign and the Continent and
World for the United States, All Countries in the International
Mail Union, \$3.50 One Year, \$1.00 Six Months, \$0.75
One Month, \$0.25. Postage Paid.
VOLUME 51.....NO. 18,095.

DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

DEMOCRATIC Senators and Representatives at Washington are going to be busy statesmen for the next thirty days, shaping the party policy for the extra session. The extra session will be for them not only an opportunity but a time of test and trial. They will control the House. They will be strong in the Senate. By co-operation with progressive Republicans they may be able to carry through the Senate a programme adopted in the House. Therefore the occasion is for them one of far-reaching possibilities. The next Presidential election will be decided beforehand by the use they make of it.

What share are the Democrats of New York to have in these councils so important to the party and to the nation?

Is there to be sent to Washington as a colleague of Senator Root a representative of Democracy or an emissary of Tammany?

Never has there been in the politics of this country since the civil war a crisis more acute than this. The forces of national development are shaping an issue between plutocracy and the people. Which side will Democracy at Albany take?

WITHOUT REGRETS.

QUESTIONS in Washington concerning the validity of Senator Bailey's withdrawal of his resignation are interesting but not important. The Senators are the sole judges of the qualifications of their members, and if any issue were made in the case of Bailey there can be no doubt his colleagues would refuse to unseat him. Did they not refuse to unseat Lorimer?

But if Senator Bailey, in the unstable equilibrium of his temper, should on third thought decide to end all questions academic as well as practical in regard to the matter by quitting the Senate and political life, there would be no loss to Senate, to Texas or to himself.

The Senator is an able lawyer. He is a successful man of business. He is a clever politician. But his infirmities of temper, his nervous irritabilities, his violence of language in debate, his outbursts of anger in the Senate, and his inability to understand that people may differ from him without being jealous of him, unfit him for party leadership and for statesmanship. Therefore, if he should conclude to let the fight for Lorimer be the last as well as the latest of his Senatorial performances, there would be no occasion for regret in any quarter.

LORIMER'S ROSE WREATHS.

MANY thousands of people in Chicago made a Sunday holiday to give Senator Lorimer an ovation on his return home. Doubtless if Dr. Cook sought a vindication of his polar record by a well-advertised appeal to the public, he also would receive an ovation in any large city in the country.

The readiness to respond to appeals for sympathy on the part of discarded men is by no means a sign of either mental or moral aberration. The majority of mankind applauds the conqueror, but there is ever a strong minority that sympathizes with the fellow who is fighting big odds, whether he be a hero opposing tyranny or a bandit battling with the police. The one type of man is just as normal as the other, and in each case there is, perhaps, an equal proportion of reason and unreason.

Those that are most assured in their condemnation of the bribery disclosed in the election of Lorimer need not waste indignation on those that strewed his path with roses on his return home. The only valid condemnation must rest upon the Senators who, though charged with the duty of guarding the honor of the Senate, permitted him to retain his dishonored seat, and thus made his rose wreaths the symbols of a triumph instead of the decorations of a political funeral.

Cos Cob Nature Notes

JOHNNY MAHER has quit cutting ice on Ten Acres. Now let him quit cutting ice in Democratic politics.

When the eels and shiners come back to our pond after the ice goes out they will be surprised to find it is considerably smaller. The troutery company, which is one of Mr. Allen's local investments, has filed in several hundred feet of it so as to put in some more switches and not intrude upon the fifteen-foot highway left by the state Highwayman Macdonald. The town owns the pond, and the shoreland and shiners cannot vote, hence there can be no objection to the intrusion paid for the intrusion into their must.

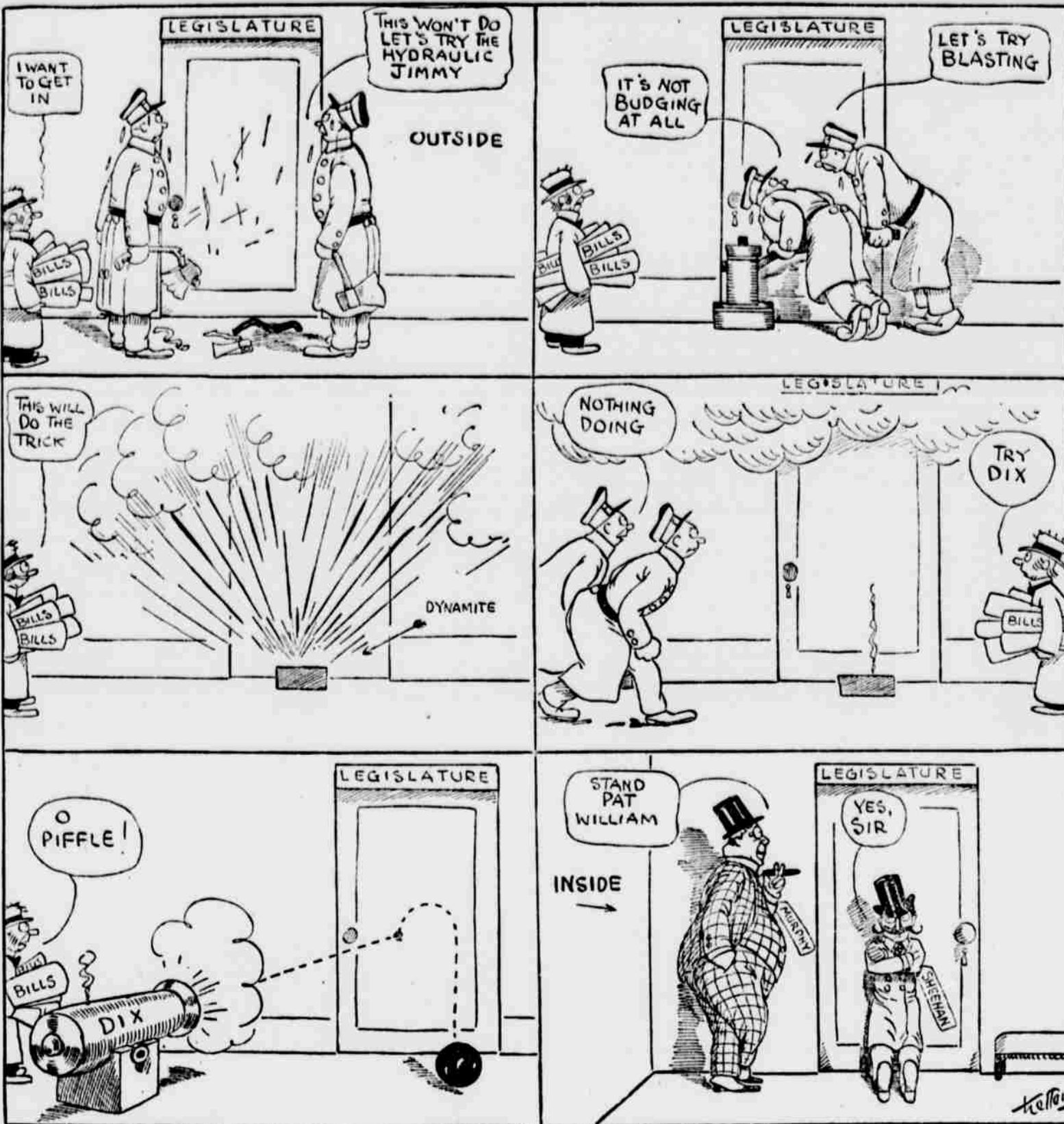
People are saying how wonderful it is that Mr. Mahan and the water company can get anything they want, while others are not even allowed to want anything. Perhaps if several other persons were directors in the troutery company, president of the water company and town council director in it, they would be different.

How to Read Character.

THERE are many ways by which we may read each other's character. For instance, broad and deep-set eyes denote a genuine nature, inclined to be honest and unassuming, narrow eyes denote a shrewd but not very gentle nature, with great desire for scientific knowledge. White hair denotes a long life and a very strong constitution; round nose denotes a desire for knowledge in general, history, good nature and the long hair denotes a note caution, denoting a conservative human nature, decided in opinion. Flashy hair denotes an alert, good appetite, moves sleep and satisfied with small results gained with little effort. Pale hair denotes one inclined to be melancholy and of sedentary habits.

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten.



Mrs. Jarr Plunges Into "Charitable Finance" And Amasses a Perfectly Splendid Deficit

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By Roy L. McCardell.



MRS. JARR came in just at supper time looking so bright and cheerful and one that I NEVER discuss her any circumstances. Then they talk to you for an hour about it and cry and say they don't intend to sell a single tear for her, or him, and that he, or she, has gone out of their lives forever, and are as one dead to them—but if they ever catch them with that wretched creature they'll thrash him or pull her hair, as the case may be, if they were to die for it! No, when you meet society people, you must not ask how husbands or wives are. Waiting for one's cue in these matters is what is called 'tact' or 'savoir faire' in society.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Jarr. "We've got to be here tonight and bring our husbands. That is, all but Mrs. Vanshine. She's not living with her husband, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said Mr. Jarr. "That's why I wanted to tell you. I was the only one who didn't know. You have an awful habit, anyway, of asking personal questions. You blurt right out: 'How's your wife?' or 'How's your husband?'"

"Well, what of it? It shows a friendly interest, doesn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "They think it shows an impertinent interest, I am afraid," said Mrs. Jarr. "They'll be all smiles, so glad to see you, and all that sort of thing, and then they say without thinking, 'How's your wife?' or 'How's your husband?' And then their faces grow cold, and as they say, 'It's a constrained tone. Haven't you heard of my unfortunate husband?'"

"A Better Investment." "You say he scorns to tell his vote?" "Sure. The most I could induce him to do was to rent it."

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Wives Who Have Made Their Husbands Famous

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

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No. VI.—Abigail Adams.

THERE are kings and makers of kings, and though a certain Earl of Warwick is known to history as the King Maker, many women have deserved the title; and no woman more than Abigail Adams, wife of the second and mother of the sixth President of the United States.

The daughter of the Rev. William Smith, a Congregational minister of Weymouth, Mass., and of Elizabeth Quincy, this most intelligent of pioneer American women could read and spell correctly when to do so was a daring and most unbecoming feat.

At that time these rather general accomplishments were rare, even among our forefathers. For George Washington antedated Theodore Roosevelt more than a hundred years by evincing a Presidential partiality for phonetic spelling.

Abigail Smith was a thoughtful, well-read, well-bred young woman in a day when the making of epigrams was a rare achievement. A making of butter was held by her. She married John Adams in October, 1764, when she was nearly twenty-three years old, and so by all the standards of the day, was something of an old maid.

In nothing was her superiority to other more exploited revolutionary women so clearly indicated as by this—for the period—late marriage.

From the day of their union she was a calm, intelligent, balance-wheel for the intelligent but irascible John Adams. In 1784 when her husband was sent as the new Republic's first Minister to England Abigail Adams accompanied him, and, it is very generally admitted by historians, was largely responsible for the success which paved his way to the Presidency.

England was feeling at that time about as comfortable and satisfied in mind as was the typical father of the period when he discovered that his son had gotten too big for old-fashioned family discipline—had found it out, by the way, through the very unpleasant process of being shown that the son was the younger and the better man.

Abigail was the diplomatist in the Adams family, and was often able to steer her more fiery husband away from difficult and dangerous reefs.

Her intelligence and force and character are not matters of mere revolutionary tradition. For her letters to her son, John Quincy Adams, were collected and published by her grandson. And nowhere in the annals of correspondence is there evidence of a stronger, sweeter and more efficient femininity than hers.

These letters are well worth reading to-day; and in them is a proof that she not only did much to make her husband's fame, but also moulded the career of John Quincy Adams.

Her position as the wife of one President and the mother of another is unique in our history.

And to those of us who are so apt to feel that the new woman has a copyright on the nobler feminine virtues, she is at once a lesson and an inspiration.

A Few Unexplained Mysteries of Sleep

SLEEP is one of the many scientific mysteries that still await solution. What it is exactly nobody knows. But many curious facts have recently been discovered about it by the world's savants.

For instance, when we sleep, the lower half of us weighs more than the upper half. The brain is lighter and the legs are heavier. Experiments have shown that if a man goes to sleep on a bed suspended exactly at the middle point of his weight his head begins to tip slowly up, and his feet to go down. When he awakes it is to find that his head is getting nearer and nearer the ceiling and his feet nearer the floor.

This is due to the fact that when we are asleep the blood in the brain goes off to other parts of the body. The moment the brain wakes to life again it draws the blood back. In fact, a doctor can bring the most restless of individuals sleep in a few seconds by tightly compressing the great arteries in the neck which carry blood to the brain. So, in sleep the brain is lighter and the feet are heavier, says the London Pictorial.

Almost any part of the brain may be awake, several parts, indeed, at once, and yet its owner may be fast asleep. A man may talk, write, sing, type, solve mathematical problems, and yet be safely in the land of Nod. One of Coleridge's finest poems—"Kubla Khan"—was the work of a sleeping brain. The famous "Devil's Sonata" came as a pleasant surprise to its composer, Tartin.

He found it on the table when he awoke up one morning. He had written it in the night while asleep.

In fact, exactly that part of the brain it is that does sleep it is hard to decide.

Some scientists hold that we do not really need sleep at all, that it is a relic of primeval times, when there was no such thing as artificial light. Some say we need it to do for the body as much as a time of night, and so some one invented sleep.

It may be remarked that this was some invention.

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Mrs. Lately Married—Yes, but I have changed our mind—luck.

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